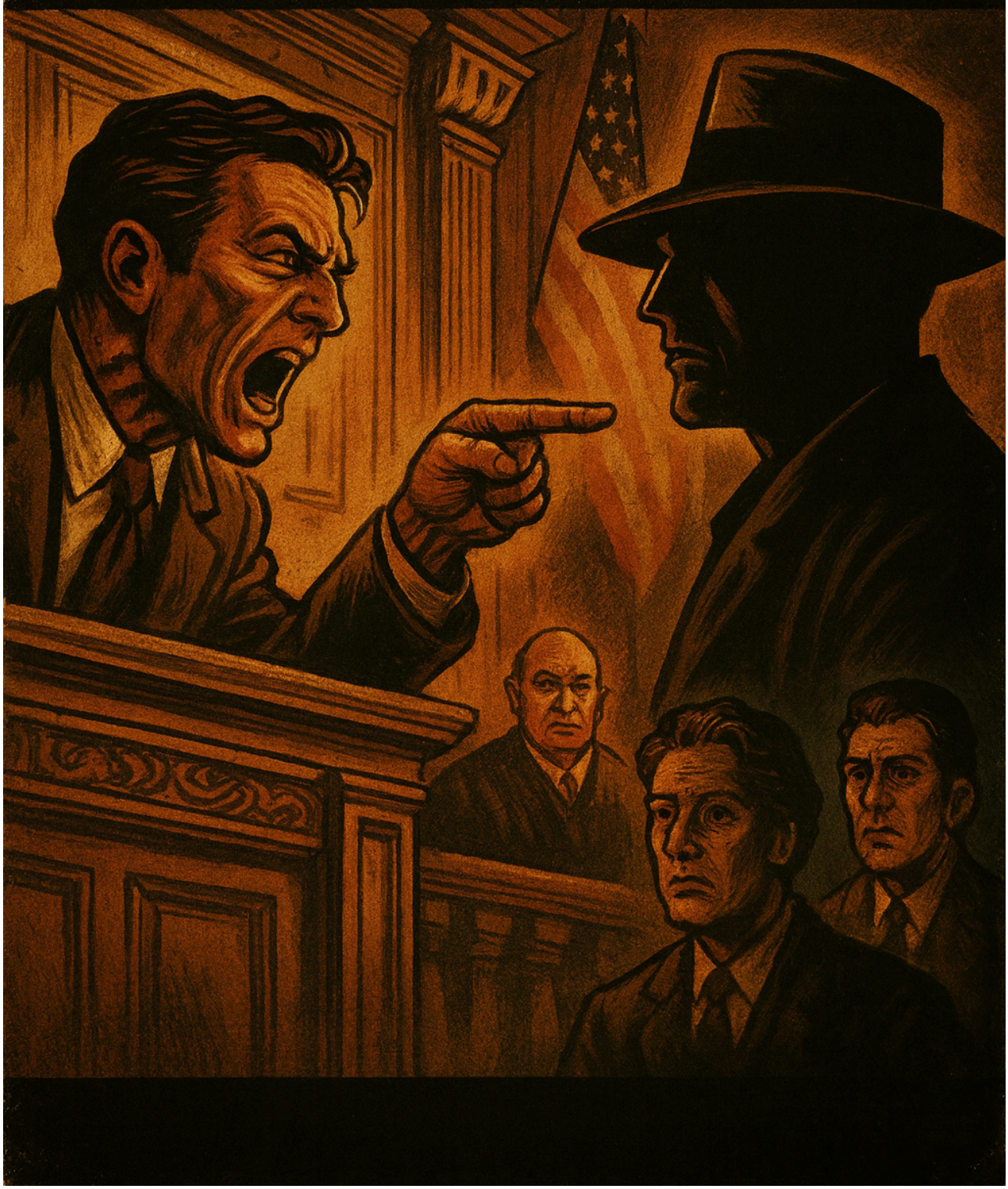
THE WATCHMAN



After the Watchman returned to his fig tree

Sherlock stood in the precinct alone.

The applause was gone.

The praise vanished.

and the halls echoed

Officers whispered as Sherlock passed them.

They remembered how the Watchman found the child…

and how Sherlock imprisoned an innocent man.

Sherlock felt something he had never felt before:

Disgust.

He felt like a fraud

A failure

All the respect he gained was now lost

Then his flame pointed upward

He knew it.

He felt it.

He could not detect everything.

There was One above him

whom he could not calculate.

And it made him furious.

———

So Sherlock Holmes began to double down.

He vowed never to be humiliated again.

He sat in his basement

And devoured books before sleep

He drew charts.

Maps.

Languages.

Philosophy.

Science

He absorbed it all

All Knowledge

Yet no understanding.

Then

He began catching criminals faster than ever.

Sherlock Holmes

recreated the image of brilliance

piece by piece

to win the police back.

And slowly

the precinct began to applaud him again.

But He needed more than applause

He needed revenge

They forgot the Watchman.

But Sherlock didn’t.

And he found it in the very case that humiliated him.

The missing child.

The one the Watchman found

while Sherlock accused the gardener.

He knew the city still whispered about that day—

the day the Watchman succeeded where he failed.

So he crafted a lie so clever

that even the precinct began to believe it.

He told the police:

“No man finds a lost child
unless he knows where she went.”

He twisted the narrative.

redrew the maps.

rewrote the timeline.

He forged a motive:

“The Watchman wasn’t a hero,”

Sherlock claimed.

“He was involved in her disappearance.

He planted her by the water.

He only pretended to ‘find’ her

to fool the city.”

The officers gasped.

Then they thought about it

It sounded believable.

After all—

how did a man with no badge,

no title,

no training,

find the girl

when Sherlock Holmes could not?

Sherlock presented his charts,

his diagrams,

his false “patterns.”

He performed brilliance

to cover his envy.

And the precinct—

longing to believe in Sherlock again, accepted it.

They issued the charge:

and made their weapons ready

To catch him off guard

One afternoon

Sherlock saw his opportunity.

He sent officers to drag him from under his fig tree.

But with no resistance.

The Watchman simply stood with quiet eyes.

“Why arrest him?”

a young officer asked.

Sherlock replied:

“No one is above the law.”

And so the world gathered.

The story broke across newspapers.

The Daily Bugle trembled at the accusation.

Sherlock Holmes,

New York’s greatest detective,

Successfully catches the “Culprit” of the missing girl

The Watchman

So the Watchman sat in a cold jail cell,

unmoved,

unshaken,

unafraid.

———

That night, the Watchman slept.

And Heaven opened a dream before him:

He saw Sherlock Holmes alone in a dark room,

studying blueprints,

walking in circles,

Strategizing

Someone came into the room

He had a Black Suit and tie

With a cigar in his mouth

And they both shook hands

The Board showed a face

A Little Girl waiting to be snatched

The Watchman woke up.

And waited for morning.

———

The city gathered.

For the famous trial that shocked the world

Reporters flooded the hall.

Officers leaned forward in their seats

The courtroom was packed.

The city held its breath.

The Watchman stood alone at the witness stand

Sherlock Holmes entered with thunder in his eyes.

His coat flowed behind him like a storm cloud.

He slammed his hand on the table.

“Your honor,” he barked,

“This man right here is responsible for the disappearance of the girl from Jay Street.

He misled the investigation.

He hid the evidence.

He was involved.”

Gasps rippled across the room.

Sherlock pointed at the Watchman like a dagger.

“This mysterious wanderer,”

he yelled,

“found her too easily.

Only a guilty man knows the hiding place of his crime.”

The judge nodded slowly.

“Very Well

Present your case, Mr. Holmes.”

Sherlock smirked.

He had charts.

Maps.

Timelines.

Camera Shots

Dozens of forged “patterns.”

A performance polished by envy.

Every lie sharpened his voice.

Every word dug a deeper grave for the Watchman.

Finally, Sherlock rested his case,

The courtroom turned to the Watchman.

The judge spoke softly:

“Do you have anything to say in your defense?”

The Watchman lifted his head.

His eyes were steady.

“I had a dream last night,”

he said softly.

Sherlock immediately shot up.

“Objection Your honor —

hearsay!

Dreams are not evidence—”

The judge raised his hand.

“Your dream is not considered evidence,”

he said.

“But you may speak.

The jury will decide what is relevant.”

Sherlock smirked,

confident again.

The Watchman continued:

The room leaned forward.

And his dream was revealed

“I saw Holmes shake hands with the Kingpin.

A face smeared across the board.”

A low gasp spread.

Sherlock’s smile cracked.

The judge turned his eyes.

“Is this true?

Show us the evidence you brought against him.”

The Watchman pointed across the room.

Sherlock swallowed.

An officer looked towards the giant board of charts, maps, timelines —

the same ones Sherlock used to frame the Watchman.

Then her eyes narrowed.

“Sherlock,”

“Why are these timestamps…

written before the crimes occurred?”

The courtroom erupted.

Sherlock froze.

Another officer stepped forward:

“These coordinates…

they match known mafia drop points.”

Sherlock’s face went pale.

The Watchman remained still.

Now witnesses stood.

People who feared speaking until that moment.

One shouted:

“He paid us to stage crimes!”

“He wanted the city to need him!”

“He told us to take the girl!”

Sherlock's voice trembled with fury.

“Are you kidding me, Your Honor, this is madness”

The judge spoke calmly

“Mr Holmes… Really?

All for the Daily Bugle?

i’m sorry but…

This evidence comes from your own hands.

You’re under arrest ”

Sherlock staggered backward.

His world collapsed.

The courtroom guards approached.

Handcuffs clicked.

The legend of New York

bowed his head in silence.

He was led out like one of the criminals

he claimed to hunt.

Sherlock said nothing.

For the first time in his life

the great detective

could not detect a way out.

He disappeared behind iron doors.

The court released the Watchman without a word.

He stepped outside

into the quiet morning air.

No celebration.

No applause.

Just the sun

and the sound of leaves.

He walked back to his fig tree,

as he always did

Unknown by the world,

Yet known by Heaven.